

Burned Down Emotions by mommasboy

Series: Cigarettes and kisses [1]

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

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Summary:

“My dad,” He started, now chuckling softly. “He hit me sometimes. I mean it’s stupid, he’s stupid. Fucking asshole.”

He snorted, laughing again, looking at Steve like he expected him to be amused.

Steve wasn’t amused.

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Author's Note:

If you see any mistakes, PLEASE tell me. I will try and fix all I can.

Billy was sat still on Steve's bed, feet touching the cold wooden floor, cigarette in hand, staring solemnly out the window. Steve wanted to tease him a bit but he's never seen Billy like this, so he stays quiet, pull his legs underneath him and watches, waiting.

They are like that for a while until Billy finally took a drag of the cigarette that was withering away in his hands. He exhale and the smoke fills up the room and Steve thinks he might die from secondhand smoking but he's used to the smell already.

"You know," Steve brings up hesitantly, licking his bottom lip. "You should really stop."

"Stop what?" Billy raised an eyebrow, like he already knew what the answer was going to be.

"Smoking."

Billy took another drag and exhale. He stretched his hands and raised himself from the bed only to sit back down. "No, I need it." He yawned out.

Steve pursed his lips, confused. "Why?"

Billy tutted at him. "You wouldn't get it."

"Hit me."

Steve smiled at him, small.

Billy stared at him for a while, then raised a fist. “Well, if say so.”

“No!” Steve giggled, “Not like that, dumbass. I meant tell me why.”

Billy looked away from him, back at the window and made a humming noise, like he was trying to figure it out also.

Steve scooched closer to him. “Billy?”

Billy shook his head. He open then closed his mouth a few times, like he couldn’t figure out how to say what he wanted to say. Then he laugh, all loud and harsh. The one Steve hated, it made him flinch every time he heard it.

“My dad,” He started, now chuckling softly. “He hit me sometimes. I mean it’s stupid, he’s stupid. Fucking asshole.” He snorted, laughing again, looking at Steve like he expected him to be amused.

Steve, he wasn’t amused. Not even awkwardly smiling or laughing.

He had that stupid look on his face, like he cared or some shit.

“Billy.” He said, all serious and that made Billy fucking lose it.

His head hanging in hands, eyes shut tight. Billy whispered a broken fuck. “Fuck.” He said louder. “It’s fucking, fuck-I hate it!”

He sniffed and continued.

“It makes me feel all weak and shit, I want to punch him in his fucking face. I fucking hate it, I fucking hate him!” He was crying now, he would probably full on sob soon. Shit this was low, crying in front of Harrington was not his to do list.

But it was weird, because Steve was not laughing at him, hell he would’ve been laughing at him. Steve was not an asshole like he was though.

“Billy.” Steve whispered, hugging Billy’s head to his chest.

Billy took the hug and wrapped his arms around Steve's waist.

"Fuck. Steve, I don't want to be like him. I don't. But I am, I'm a fucking asshole. What I did to that kid, what I did to you. I'm fuck, I'm sorry. And Max too." He buried his face in Steve's neck, breathing harshly against it. Steve seemed so soft and warm and geez no wonder the kids like him so much.

"You're not like you're dad, Billy." Steve says, rubbing the back of Billy's neck soothingly. "You apologized for what you've done. You realize your mistakes and that's great. I'm so proud of you."

Damn, Billy hasn't heard anyone say that to him in like forever. So he sniffed one more time, buries his face deeper into Steve's neck and smiles closed lipped and wide. His face burns, and he finds Steve even more amazing.

They collapse on the bed, in each others arm and gently fall asleep. It's the most Billy's ever slept(Steve too for that matter after what happened with the upside down.)

Author's Note:

It came to me as I was standing in the snow waiting for the bus and thinking about Steve and Billy's relationship. Well this mentions how it progressed a little bit, but for the most part their friendship is already established.